

by far. The connection between this creature and the darning of stockings and the devil is not clearly to be seen, unless we put it on the ground that his satanic majesty prefers to have nothing holy or good can help it. He thinks that the Devil has never been known to exist. It carries nothing more dangerous than a pair of strong jaws with which it seizes its prey—mosquitoes. Mosquitoes are to him as useful as an almanac. The name it bears in the gulf states, "mosquito-hawk," gives a clue to its pursuits.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 24, 1878.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

FAIR TO BE HELD IN WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

Headquarters New England Agricultural Society, 166 State Streets, Boston, July 10, 1878.

To the Presidents and Officers of all State, County and Town Agricultural Societies, and to all Masters of Granges in the New England States,

Greeting:

The New England Agricultural Society has received arrangements with the Worcester Agricultural Society to hold the annual agricultural Fair in the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, commencing the first Tuesday of September and continuing four days. The location of the city of Worcester is well known to all persons who will be present at the exhibition. From this noble exhibition they purpose to date the opening of a new era in our agriculture.

Of the numerous and varied attractions which the coming Fair will freely offer it is necessary to speak. The men who have the presentation of all this material wealth in charge can implicitly rely on making it as effective and stimulating as possible. Its object is clearly two-fold, to excite the pride of New England farmers and to arouse their ambition. The social side of it is to be considered, and it is a most important one, too. The gathering of tens of thousands of people, all eager to learn from each other, to exchange ideas and to make progress, is a great attraction.

Worster and Rochester and Worcester and Nashua and Rochester. The Eastern and Boston and Maine will meet the wants of our friends in Maine, and the Maine Central has come into line. The Vermont—Northeast Concord and Montreal, Cheshire, Fitchburg, Boston and Albany, Boston, Barre and Gardner and every other line centering at Worcester, has volunteered to add in the great exhibition by reduction of freight charges.

We again ask for a careful reading of the Railroad notice issued by Secretary Needham, and doubt not that exhibitors will show their appreciation by making early and liberal entries.

LET US BE INDEPENDED of the Worcester Evening Gazette for the use of the excellent literature of the Fair grounds at Worcester, on which the New England Fair is to be held Sept. 3, 4, 5 & 6.

THE USE OF FAIRS.

The farmer is obliged to lead a more less isolated life, from the very force of circumstances. In order to till his acre, he must go up his abode outside the limits of cities and towns and villages, and even push his way far beyond their very outskirts. If in a state of panic. Watches, jewelry and other valuables are rarely pawned to enable their owners to get away from home, and it is not good for mind or body. It engenders a sluggishness of mind, a morosity of temperament, and brings into new relations. It is more than a mere show that is about to be made.

The enthusiasm with which people have greeted the location of the Fair, at Worcester, leads the officers both of the New England and Western Agricultural Societies to hope that the Fair of 1878 will be in every respect the largest and most useful of the exhibitions of the New England Society.

DANIEL NEEDHAM, Secretary.

Boston, July 10, 1878.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

(Continued.)

THE RAILROADS AND THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

Arrangements have been perfected by which the following lines of Railroad will transport articles and animals to the Fair at Worcester, Mass., on the 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th, 1878, and return them to the place of departure for full freight free in one day.

This arrangement is the most liberal that can be expected or asked of the Railroad Corporations and we know will be fully appreciated by the great line of Exhibitors in the New England.

The managers of the following Railroads have promptly responded to the New England Agricultural Society proposing to exhibit their services and facilities for exhibiting for freight one way to be paid in advance previous to shipment.

CONNECTICUT RIVER Railroad.
Boston, Barre & Gardner & Monson.
Mass., Worcester, Fitchburg, Boston & Maine Railroad.

BOSTON & MAINE Railroad.
Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad.

CHESTER Railroad.
Passaic Railroad.

NEW HAMPSHIRE Railroad.
New London, Northern Railroad.

WORCESTER AND NASHUA & ROCHESTER Railroad.

EASTERN Railroad.
Central Vermont Railroad.

NORTHERN Railroad.
Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad.

BOSTON & ALBANY Railroad.

PORTLAND & OGDENSBURG Railroad.

CHESHIRE Railroad.

PASSAIC Railroad.

NEW YORK & NEW ENGLAND Railroad.

NEW LONDON, NORTHERN Railroad.

WORCESTER AND NASHUA & ROCHESTER Railroad.

NEW ENGLAND WAKING UP.

The following poster has been published and sent out to the public on the line of the Central Vermont Railroad.

CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD.

FREIGHT DEPARTMENT.

Circular No. 19.

Freight shipped from points on the Railroads under the direction of the Worcester, Mass., New England Fair, to be held at Worcester, Mass., in September next, will be carried for freight one way to the Fair, and return by ordinary rate and pay the freight charges. Waybill to Worcester prepared by Worcester, Mass., will be issued, and returned, it is returned to original point of shipment without change of ownership.

E. A. CHITTENDEN,
Supt. Local Freight Traffic.
St. Albans, Vt., Aug. 18, 1878.

BOSTON, CONCORD, MONTREAL, WHITE MOUNTAINS, AND MT. WASHINGTON BRANCH RAILROADS.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., Aug. 12, 1878.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Your 3d received. We will take stock and articles for exhibition over this road and branch, and will pay freight charges, to be paid in advance, and take owner's risk.

J. C. DENNIS, Gen. Manager.

HON. DANIEL NEEDHAM has accepted an invitation to address the New Hampshire State Meeting at Weirs next week.

The best, the strongest, and the pestilence mark the present out-going season as one long to be remembered by those who survive its pernicious experiences.

The Railroad Commissioners have prepared an important report on the milk transportation question in the State, which will prove of decided interest to all the parties to be affected thereby.

Excursions down the Harbor and along the coast draw a large percentage of the city population daily, and the steamboat companies and hotel-proprietors are reaping their annual harvests.

The chief interest of the public is just now centered in the spread of the yellow fever in the Southwest. The citizens of Boston are uniting heartily for the immediate relief of the stricken population.

Accounts from Chicago and the West indicate an increasing trade with that section for the Fall season. The farmers, however, show an inclination to hold back on their future purchases.

A large number of lawyers from all parts of the Union met at Saratoga Springs on Wednesday in response to a call from Secretary Bristow and Secretary Everts with a view to the organization of a National Bar Association.

THE FAIR CLOSE AT HAND.

Once every year is Farmers' Week from one end of New England to the other. That week is now close at hand. The care of it has for fifteen successive years been entrusted to the New England Agricultural Society, whose office it is to assemble the farmers from these six Eastern States, with the representative products of their industry, and present to the world with and without their limits as valid, complete, and imposing an exhibition of such as is possible, to the entire satisfaction of the public.

Not less than fifty thousand visitors to the great New England Agricultural Fair are to be had for the pleasure of the Fair, and the prospects for the Fair are most favorable.

The New Hampshire Farmers' Fair is to be held at Weir's Landing on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of August, a mass meeting and picnic of the New Hampshire State Grange, to which all persons interested in agricultural matters are invited to the city to witness the trials that will establish a new departure for the agriculture of New England. Every sign and token indicates that this occasion is to be unique, one in point of brilliancy and substantial effect.

The New Hampshire State Grange—There

will be held at Weir's Landing on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of August, a mass meeting and picnic of the New Hampshire State Grange, to which all persons interested in agricultural matters are invited to the city to witness the trials that will establish a new departure for the agriculture of New England. Every sign and token indicates that this occasion is to be unique, one in point of brilliancy and substantial effect.

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The Poet's Corner

SHEATHING THE SWORD.

[Blackwood's Magazine for August.]

"We have brought you back Peace, but Peace with Honor, and such a Peace as, I hope, will satisfy you."

—Spoken by Lord Beaconsfield from the wine-drawing Street, 16th July, 1878.

I bring you Peace," hear the three-blade Company.

Ye hearts that long have stood prepared for strife;

Dear, and sow and reap free from suspicion,

Sell, buy, enjoy, practice the arts of Life!

With trumpet let us half the great review,

If that with Honor we may it receive.

It.

I bring you Peace, and bring you Honor too;"

Among the assembled Powers the British might.

But note, all ye who know it well,

Its rights, its influence, and its high vocation.

Hail, then, to Peace! hail, then, to Honor more!

Again stands England as she stood of yore,

In.

No longer sunk in self—no longer seeking

Spectres to shun her duty's call,

Nor in unnecessary gold-parched sneaking;

She'll prop the weak and raise up them that

Fall.

For righteous ends confront we freely dangers.

Our talents must be put to the exchangers.

IV.

But while we welcome Peace, sound ay the

Fame of him whose skill and patience served our need—

Who rancorous foes and fail'nry friends overcame,

And showed how Constancy and Pluck made.

To him our hearty offering let us yield.

Praise, Honor, Gratitude to Beaconsfield!

Ladies' Department.

HER HOLIDAY.

A HUSBAND'S STORY.

It was to be her holiday—all for her.

None else was to have any share in it except myself—that is, if going as her courier, paymaster, and general factor could be called having a share in a holiday.

We had been married six years, and what with the cares of home and the training of numerous olive-branches, she had never had any chance of a rest. Of course, we had to go to Italy, and all that sort of thing; but then, surrounded by children and nurses, these trips had been a continuation of the general London respondent plan, and the various inconveniences of lodgings or hotels. Moreover, within the last few years there had been some trouble, which had kept her at home, very gradually, upon her semi-invalid and high-nosed nature. So, now, we were away alone—going to leave all the children at home in the charge of grandmothers—were going about the six weeks together—what a life! Her will was to be paramount; it was to be her slave—to pay the bills and look after the luggage. Her affection and her untiring devotion to her duties, however, had qualified her for enjoying a holiday; she had earned it. "Italy," she said, "where there were sunlight, beauty and quiet." God! how she wanted to go! Will the lamp or spread the curtain or did any one of those wonderful things which necromancers of yore were wont to do when describing the magic of love, or rather, I resorted to the modern golden equivalent for such proceedings—and we found ourselves certainly, as if by magic, at Lucifer's feet, and so joggily along over the St. Gotthard Pass, and drooped into Italy at the Locarno end of the Lago Maggiore.

By the time we began to enjoy herself thoroughly, she had got rid of all fatigue, and already looked much as she did the day I married her. Yes, it was very delightful to see her so well and happy.

"What a good holiday," she said; "it is as if there had been no break, and that was only the compensation of those early days."

We had been upon the lake, beneath the awnings of the flat-bottomed boats, those first intepcations of the gondolas, and we wandered up the pine-clad old embankments of Monte Sasso, set like a jewel amid the blue hills behind the town. And there in the soft autumn evenings, we sat and watched the glorious sunset, while the bell in the campanile hard by called the peasant to vespers, and the pealing of the deep-toned organ.

We selected Locarno as a halting place, because it was at all times, and a pretty still, out of the rush of the tourist.

A simple place, with simple people willing to serve their customers, having for the first question in their minds,

"But what is that? why should it excite you?" asked, quickly, most mystified by her words.

Immediately suggested by this, my wife partook of the same, and would no sooner begin giving the little one a pat and a kiss, and of exchanging a pleasant word or two in the best Italian, she could muster with the musical and elegant accent of a boy seven years ago, just as the little one was born. Her mother knew of the marriage, He had intended, she said, to make the consequent arrangement, "in the meantime, as it were, I had him to be married," but his sudden prevention of this, unknown to her husband, had left her in a state of alarm, and he had come at last, with his wife, to see her at Locarno.

Her name, we awoke.

Ah! there was one that in past times had struck terror to the foes of liberty; she would rather not mention it. Her father, even, had considered it wise to drop it, and had addressed it to her married name, the name of her husband, that is.

"What, had he taken an English name?"

No, an English name, her husband had been naturalized as an Italian, and changed his name for reasons—they did not signify, and he was known as Giorgio Vassalli.

Of course, we went in and spoke to the old farmer-like man, who, partially paralyzed, always lay in his chair, his hands clasped.

He had given us with a smile a hearty welcome.

The frate shook his head; "Only the circumstances of the marriage."

"Tell me, what were they?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in an agony of excitement.

"I was bewildered; I did not know, at least what to make of all this, and I have only looked at him, and saw that he was a good fellow."

"Giorgio, Giorgio," she said, "you are in Italy, like one who talks in dreams; never tell me again that you are here; I have seen you at Locarno, and I have heard of your name, but I have never seen the name of your husband, that is."

Notably among these was a mother and child—two little girls, the daughters of a boy about seven.

Giorgio, in fact, in his innocence, was not as a rule, handsome, but this mother was an exception, and the child was like her. Superior, too, in all respects, she looked like the fish, and who were frequently mentioned about her.

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Immediately suggested by this, my wife partook of the same, and would no sooner begin giving the little one a pat and a kiss, and of exchanging a pleasant word or two in the best Italian, she could muster with the musical and elegant accent of a boy seven years ago, just as the little one was born. Her mother knew of the marriage, He had intended, she said, to make the consequent arrangement, "in the meantime, as it were, I had him to be married," but his sudden prevention of this, unknown to her husband, had left her in a state of alarm, and he had come at last, with his wife, to see her at Locarno.

Her name, we awoke.

Ah! there was one that in past times had struck terror to the foes of liberty; she would rather not mention it. Her father, even, had considered it wise to drop it, and had addressed it to her married name, the name of her husband, that is.

"What, had he taken an English name?"

No, an English name, her husband had been naturalized as an Italian, and changed his name for reasons—they did not signify, and he was known as Giorgio Vassalli.

Of course, we went in and spoke to the old farmer-like man, who, partially paralyzed, always lay in his chair, his hands clasped.

He had given us with a smile a hearty welcome.

The frate shook his head; "Only the circumstances of the marriage."

"Tell me, what were they?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in an agony of excitement.

"I was bewildered; I did not know, at least what to make of all this, and I have only looked at him, and saw that he was a good fellow."

Giorgio, Giorgio," she said, "you are in Italy, like one who talks in dreams; never tell me again that you are here; I have seen you at Locarno, and I have heard of your name, but I have never seen the name of your husband, that is."

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